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NUMBER ONE IN THE WORLD

# LEG SHOW

NOVEMBER 1991 \$4.95 U.S. \$6.95 CANADA

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STAINED  
STOCKINGS

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CLEAN  
FEET

"STROKE IT!"  
That's An  
Order!



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INTENDED FOR  
MATURE READERS  
OVER THE AGE OF 18



The photos, words and illustrations in this magazine are intended for fantasy purposes only. The editors do not suggest or encourage readers to act out fantasies contained herein. We encourage safe sex practices and present this magazine as a safe fantasy alternative to high-risk activities.

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LOST  
HABITS

An English  
Art Novel

AN ANGLO-  
CANADIAN  
AT YAMAGOTO  
JAPAN

Customer Managed  
SFRY Data

Photographing Photographs  
ROY STUART  
WITH MARY STUART

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NOVEMBER, 1991

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## BLACK LIST

Dear Diana,

I wrote to you a few weeks back, sent photos, and placed an ad. I'm now writing to try to start a service for all the readers who are consistently getting "ripped off." I hope you will print the letter for me and also for them.

I just recently got back into corresponding and trading. I put a few years back out of frustration, people not answering and at least not returning photos I sent or any of their own. Since starting back, I have sent photos to people that either have not answered, or have answered and not sent any photos, and asked me to send even more. I have sent our 3½ hour back and a 1½ hour video to 5 people, and have only heard back from one couple. Losing the photos doesn't cost much, but it's the thought of some asshole out there running a phony ad and ripping the rest of us off that passes me off. By the same token, losing a video costs the time that you put into getting the video together, the cost of buying blank tapes, and the high costs of making one first class.

To give an example of one person that is evidently ripping people off, I want to tell you of my experience with him. I wrote to an ad of a supposed lady in N. Tonawanda, NY, and sent a photo. "She" wrote back and said she liked the photo of my wife's feet, and wanted to see more of them. She requested that I send more photos and a video, and that

she would send me some of hers. "She" didn't send a photo, only a very short letter I checked back through the ads in my back issues, and found another "lady" and a guy from the same town that had placed ads in LEG SHOW with different POB numbers. I wrote back and told "her" about this and told "her" to send a photo in return for ours, and have never heard from "her" again.

In order to help stimulate people like this, I ask for your help and the help of fellow LEG SHOW readers. I hope first of all that you will print this letter. I then hope all the readers who have been ripped off will send a list of the names and addresses of folks that have ripped them off. I would also like for them to send a SASE with the list. I will compile the list, make copies of all the names, and send everyone a full listing back in their SASE. No cost will be involved to anyone but me, and I'll personally pay for making the copies to send out. One thing I'd like to stress is for no one to put anyone's name on the list until at least 30 days have passed since they sent their letters, photos, etc. to the people. I have received some things late due to the fact that people who run ads can get so many letters that it can take several weeks to get them all answered.

Another thing I urge people to do is if you get mad and can't answer it soon, or maybe you don't have the items ready to send, it only takes a few minutes to write and tell the people that it will be a few weeks

before you can get their things to them. It is very simple to do, because I've had to read the same type of letters to people within the last week since I didn't have the type photos that they requested. At least they know that they are not getting ripped off!

I want to say again that LEG SHOW is tips, but you do need to show more bare andstockinged twoness!

Thanks,  
J & F  
POB 297  
Gainesboro, NC 28529

## PANTYHOLES

Dear LEG SHOW:  
Just picked up your June '91 issue—what a treat! Maria in pantyhose is hot! It's good to see that you are finally using pantyhose in your photo sessions. My girlfriend and I have been having pantyhose adventures for some time now.

A typical scene involves us dinner with Jil in a nice dress and light sheer all-the-way hose. I'll drop a fork or something and when I go to pick it up I say, "I wonder what color panties you have on?" She spreads a little and gives me a quick peek. My hand on her...  
Then at home I pick up her dress from behind and saver the sight of her ass encased in nylon with her shiny panties bunched up underneath, held tightly by the pantyhose. As she bends over her ass widens and now the panties become as tight as the hose around

her beautiful flesh globes. Pushing her dress up further I see how narrow her waist is, with the nylon band on top of her hose conforming to this bewitching shape. Now I'm pushing my cock in against her crotch, feeling the tautness and smoothness of the nylon. Before long I can't take it so I poke a hole in the hose, push aside the panties, and slide into that wet, hot pussy. The pantyhose rip a little wider and her ass cheeks are starting to bulge out. At Clock down I lose control, feeling that I have fucked my bitch with her clothes on.

I pull her dress down a little and now it really looks like I'm violating her—my cock up her cunt while she's fully clothed, with her dress and slip all bunched up and a nice tear in her hose. She lets out a little scream and pushes her nylon ass towards my head. I thrust madly and hear her words, "C'mon, baby, come in my hole. Fuck your body in her dress. C'mon, boy, squirt your load!" I lose it and shoot a big wad into her pussy. She falls on the couch, ass hanging out and my juice dripping out of her hole, wetting her panties and pantyhose. A beautiful sight!

We buy a lot of cheap pantyhose! Total sheer are the best and they give an unstrained view of the panties. Also, check out Loren Dolan's pantyhose videos—after posing, etc., he has the girls shove their hose (and panties) up their cunts! Then they slowly pull them out—where!

Robert & Jill

## PUTTING HER FOOT DOWN

Dear LEG FORUM:

I am a 32 year old flight attendant, 5'9" tall with a fairly attractive body and face. Judging from the men who come on to me during a flight, I am happily married so I don't go out with them, but... I am also a dedicated and deliberate cock tesser. Nothing gets me more sexually aroused or gives me more satisfaction than sexually teasing a man into an absolute sexual frenzy and then watching him squirm and beg for relief—especially when it's my own husband, Michael. Don't misunderstand, we have a good sex life, but when I get into a teasing mood I turn on my live-in victim and believe me, he does suffer ex-

quisite frustration. Michael is especially susceptible because of his intense fetish for women's stocking feet. Here's what happened last month...

I deliberately denied him sex for one week, then left on a 4-day trip. Needless to say, when I returned my victim was already "climbing the walls" out of frustration. We made small talk about my trip as I crossed my long legs, and started to dampen my pump (my pumps and feet were permeated with foot odor, especially since I deliberately wore the same pantyhose for 4 days!). Michael tried to concentrate, but he couldn't keep his eyes off my stocking foot, especially when I started to slide it slowly in and out of the pump. I began to allow the pump to slide off and slowly arched my foot, rotated my ankle, and wiggled my long,

At this point he knew I was in one of my sadistic moods and started to beg me to tease him. His pleading only excited me more. I extended my legs, pointed my stocking toes, and placed them just an inch from his nose and wiggled them, laughing. He grabbed himself so masturbate, but I told him that if he did I would deny him sex for a month. He got up to leave, but I told him the same thing—and he knew I meant it! So there he sat, all hot and frustrated and rock hard!

I continued his agony for at least two hours. I made myself a snack and generally satiated around in my stocking feet all the while knowing full well it was driving my poor husband crazy! Finally I told him to stand in front of me. I slowly pulled down his pants and underwear to reveal a huge, throbbing cock with a



pantyhose. Michael developed a tremendous bulge in his pants that started to twitch. I just smiled and told him that unless he could stand perfectly still for 3 minutes while I fondled him, the 3 minutes would start to roll all over again. He begged and pleaded with me not to do this to him, that he had put up with my teasing long enough. I told him I didn't think so. Then I proceeded to glide my fingernails and stocking toes lightly over his helpless area. It was impossible for him not to squirm or writh, so this little game continued for about 30 minutes. Finally while one of my stocking feet was tormenting his cock and balls I slowly masturbated myself through my pantyhose while my husband begged and pleaded some more for relief.

LEG SHOW 5

After about 3 hours I finally placed my stocking feet just under his nose so he could smell them and watch them wiggle (but wouldn't let him suck or lick) and masturbated him.

I put him through this sort of thing several times a year and he never knows when or how long my teasing moods will last! I have an "All American" look with a real bitch tease personality! I still enjoy prank teasing strangers, especially on my flights when the foot tease is the most effective. But if you are a true tease, nothing beats having a potential victim available 24 hours a day. Turning your own home into your private cock teasing dungeon is



unbelievably fulfilling—especially when you know precisely how to torment your victim to unbelievable frustration! So if you're a tease and married, turn your prank teasing on your spouse and enjoy his agonizing frustration—there is nothing like it!

Barbara  
Huntsville, AL

#### CLUB DATE

Dear LEG SHOW:  
It's been a while since I've written. Things were a little dry for me here since Mark was in Arizona for a few months. But he returned to New York two weeks ago and the fun and hot times have begun again. We went to our sex club last Saturday night and received a very warm welcome after our long absence. I dressed up extra special for the

occasion. I wore a sheer black placed stocking on one leg and a black fishnet stocking on the other leg. My skirt was black leather, extra short, with a slit high enough up the side of my thigh to expose the flesh above my stocking. I had my favorite heels on, red patent leather (previously shined by my boy, Al) with 5 inch skinny spiky spikes. The type that can make holes in a man's chest. On top, all I wore was a red satin and lace push-up bra which just barely covered my nipples. And, of course, no panties.

Every man's tongue was hanging out as I strutted around the club. Some of them even began to crawl behind me on their hands and

gets me even hotter when people are watching me get turned on. I totally lose control of myself and my lust just takes over. I could already feel my juices wetting my thighs and the seat.

There are always more men at this club than women so there were only a few women standing around to watch, but there were a lot of men. Some were standing up, others were sitting on the floor. I was so horny that I felt a desperate need to have my pussy filled. Mark began to tease me further by sucking on my nipples. My nipples are so sensitive that on several occasions when I was incredibly horny I came just from having them sucked. But Mark knows me long enough and well enough to know how to tease me up until the point of orgasm and then stops the stimulation. In a way, this is frustrating for me, but he knows that by doing this, when I finally cum, it's explosive and I usually have multiple orgasms from that sort of teasing. Sometimes he makes me beg him for while before he lets me cum. When I first met him I was a little shy about this, but there are times now when I want so badly for him to let me cum that I almost cry and then I beg my little heart out.

I could tell already that this was going to be a torturous evening for me. After sucking my nipple long enough to make me weak he removed my other nipple from its filmy cover and played with and sucked that one. Some of the men already had their cocks out of their pants and were jerking off. When Mark saw that I couldn't sit still any longer he finally put his middle finger all the way into my pussy. I thought I would die, it felt so good. I was waiting for him to start moving his finger in and out, but he whispered in my ear that he was going to keep his hand perfectly still and I would have to move myself back and forth to work my cunt around his finger. I was so hot that I know I must have looked like a bitch in heat because all of the men and even some of the women were staring at my face. The seat was getting too wet and slippery for me to remain sitting on it so I stood up in front of Mark and he put a second finger inside of me. He held his hand low enough so that I was able to ride up and down easily on his fingers. I lifted up my entire skirt

over my ass and spread my legs wide so that everyone behind me had a great view. I couldn't see them, but knowing that they were there and jerking off was a terrific turn-on.

However, Mark's hand was soaked with my juices down to his wrist. When he saw that I was dangerously close to cumming he made me stop moving. I saw a wet spot of pre-cum on the bulge of his jeans. I removed my cunt from his fingers and sat on his lap facing him. I could tell that he was feeling a little tortured himself, so I opened his zipper and released his cock. I wet my hand with my pussy juices and started to slowly jerk him off. All of a sudden he lifted me up and slowly had me sit down with my pussy surrounding his cock. God, it felt fucking fantastic! His cock is so large that it seemed to take several minutes rather than seconds for the entire length of it to be completely inside of me. But finally I was sitting all the way on his lap with his cock filling me up and his balls touching my ass, it felt like heaven.

He made me move up and down as slowly as possible until I was on the verge of cumming. As I've mentioned in my previous letters, Mark never allows anyone to witness my orgasms. We both see my orgasms as an extremely personal expression of my love for him and we feel that nobody deserves to share that with us. Most of the men at this club are such slime that they're lucky to experience what we choose to experience. Even though I wouldn't be cumming until we got home, Mark wasn't about to put his raging hard-on back in his pants and pick up and leave. He had me get down on my knees and suck him off. I started by losing every last drop of my juice off his cock and I paid some extra attention to his balls.

One of my fantasies is to someday be able to deep throat him. Practice makes perfect, so I practice as much as possible. It didn't take much sucking before he shot his hot cum into my mouth. It was a delicious load.

After a few minutes rest we said our good-byes to the other club members and went to our car. On the way home, Mark made me finger myself until I almost came and I did this over and over again during the half-hour drive. I live in

an apartment building and when we got in my elevator Mark turned me around, lifted my skirt and rammed his cock in me from behind. I came immediately and he had to cover my mouth with his hand to muffle my screams. When we got into my apartment the fucking and sucking continued for hours.

If there are any couples or submissive men who live in New York and would like to join us on our visits to clubs, please write to the "Personal Please" section. Mark and I will respond to all.

S.M.

#### HARD FOR LIMP

Dear Dan:

Thanks for the great issue which featured the attractive American girl in "Glimpses" traveling in Paris. I especially enjoyed it when she had to pull up her skirt and pull down her pantyhose for a nature call in the park. I would enjoy seeing other teasing nature call photos with ladies with their slips and dresses up and nylon panties pulled just past the edge of the john. It seems very sexy when they cover themselves with spread full skirts, almost as if they intend to strike a pose of merely sitting in a chair, though they are obviously seated on a toilet or an outhouse.

On another subject, I was interested in the gentleman's letter where he expressed an interest in a feminine leg with a cast on it. That prompted me to think of a sexual fetish that I had since I was young. Every time I see an attractive young lady on crutches who I know is permanently disabled and will probably spend the rest of her life on crutches, I get an uncontrollable erection. I always end up jacking off several times over the next several weeks when thinking of her dragging her helpless legs, propelled by her upper body, supported by those two inanimate sticks. This is especially true if she has leg braces. I am not turned on by a cast, because it is a temporary injury, from which she will recover. Women in wheelchairs do not have the same effect on me. Nor do women who have had a leg amputated.

I don't know why I am so turned



(continued on page 44)

## ★ MAN OF THE YEAR ★

**I** know many of you read LEG SHOW, and particularly my admissions for a female magazine. I'm sorry, but it's not what it's condoning, is it? It's in a world where men and women seem at such sexual odds to find a haven where the women understand see the way you do. And the overhangs see the way you do. I know some of you have been very fortunate in your private lives. You've found women who you can confide in and share your special beauty with. You are the envy of all who have lived isolated with their sexual secrets.

The sad truth is that men and women handle their sexual twists differently, so that even a brother and sister brought up with the same sex education can turn into markedly other's sexuality. Males tend to primarily formed from visual images stored away in childhood, while female sexuality is formed from touch, or touch, experience, as we well always have known. However, if the world was a perfect place we would all grow up in nurturing sexual environments where our parents understood that sexuality is formed in the first few years of life and we would be taught that it is equally necessary to turn us internally comparable men and women. As it is in our sexually hysterical culture, almost none of us grow up to be sexually sound material in the institutions, neither in school nor in home. Men, so vulnerable to sexual cues, in the absence of heady sexual messages, take in what is available on television—usually violence and concreting sexualities—and grow up with a desire and kind of drive to fit first cues at all and grow up to be sexually imposed, with abnormally low sex drives or orgasmic difficulties. And as long as our culture refuses to address our needs as sexual beings, the more we live, the less we will continue to satisfy our sex. Well, in the meantime, thank Goddess we have Dr. John Money.

His name may not be familiar to you. He's not a flashy talk show kind of guy. He's not a movie star, he's never been on *Cyneplex*, or traded wimmin-s with Johnboy. He doesn't wear shiny best sellers on how to make love to the single nympho or on getting the girl to catch up a little, but John Money has a secret that most sex we know sees, you and I, than anyone in this country and perhaps in the world. He is a genuine sexologist, a scientist specializing in the



study of sex, and the most courageous man writing on the subject today. So though I know you want me to be the cheekiest and stipulation of a woman's sexual viewpoint, guys, I urge you to read what that man has to say. He is a champion of human rights, recognizing your right to be the man you are. And he has informed you, no matter how "shameful" that may seem to the self-righteous villains whose repulsive culture created and new consciousness of sex. Dr. John Money can help you see why you are just the way you do, and will piece through the blame and shame. His books are a bit awkward on word choice, but worth working through, even of some distant remembrance in needed.

What's especially important about Dr. John Money is that he is confirmed to tell early life experiences of sex education child abuse. As he points out in his book *LONEMAPS* (Drawn & Quarterly Publishing Inc., New York) we police and啧啧 our every other area of child development, but in this one area so vital to what functioning and life happens, we draw the curtain of taboo. We are so quick to assume that immigrant adult "parents" and professionals in a single institute of pediatric urology or adolescent gynecology in this country to research the roots of these astute aggressive and other guidance for society's youth. If it's elementary you think that the way we regard sexuality itself in would be needless by 25, I happen to put a higher value on my sexuality than I do any teeth and I say it's unusual to believe that one form of neglect and those who are in the neglect by sharing the what when the logical results of neglect come to pass.

My reader likely heard me on LEG SHOW this past July. John Money has the year of superstars coming up. He is the Professor of Medical Psychology, Professor of Pediatrics, Emeritus and Director of the Psychogeriatric Research Unit at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and when in get his own book published. I recommend his book *LONEMAPS* as a good starting point, and I lists a number of other books by the author. For having the guts to get out there and speak now and again, I thank Dr. John Money any LEG SHOW Man of the Year. Get to know him, guys.

—Dian

SAMMI,  
AUSTIN, TEXAS

**S**ammi is finishing college, preparing to be a veterinarian, running three miles a day and also doing snow skiing and snorkeling. Though small and delicate, only 5 foot 4 inches, 104 pounds with measurements of 34-22-34, she is very aware of her feminine power and likes to exercise it. To make her even more dangerous, she's done a small amount of modeling and really knows how to pose her tight young body and especially her beautiful, shapely legs.

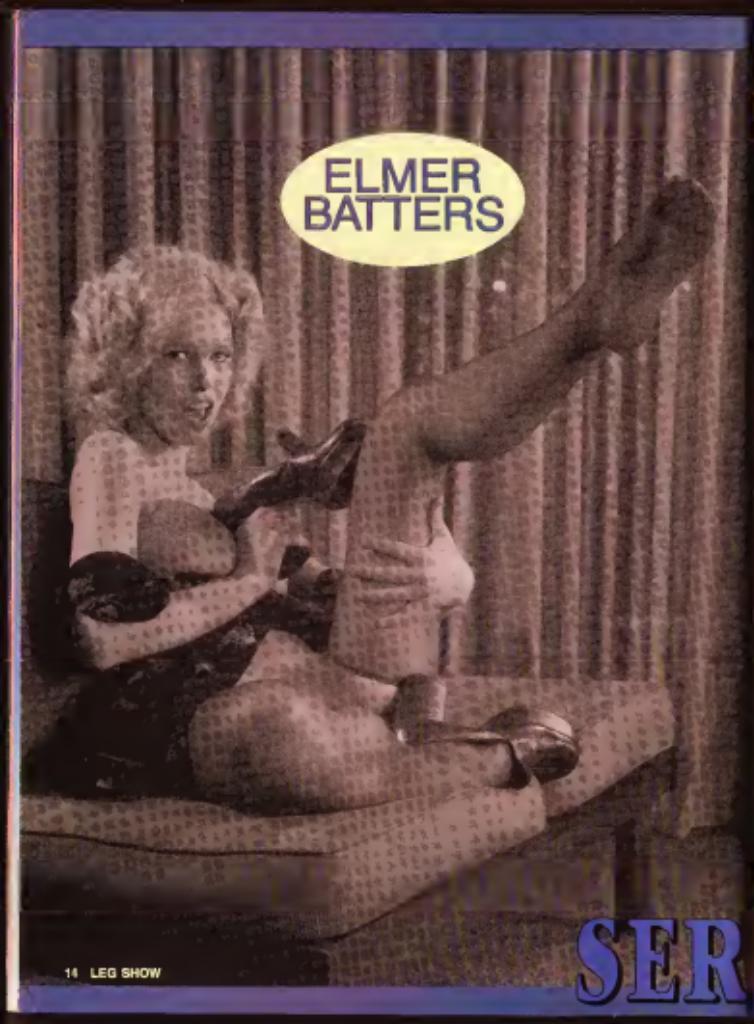
"Her favorite tease opportunity is our weekly 'action' date. I take her to fine restaurants and clubs and she dresses really hot to drive me and all the other men crazy. She loves to tease men with her sexuality and I love her to do it!"

—Her Husband, Ben





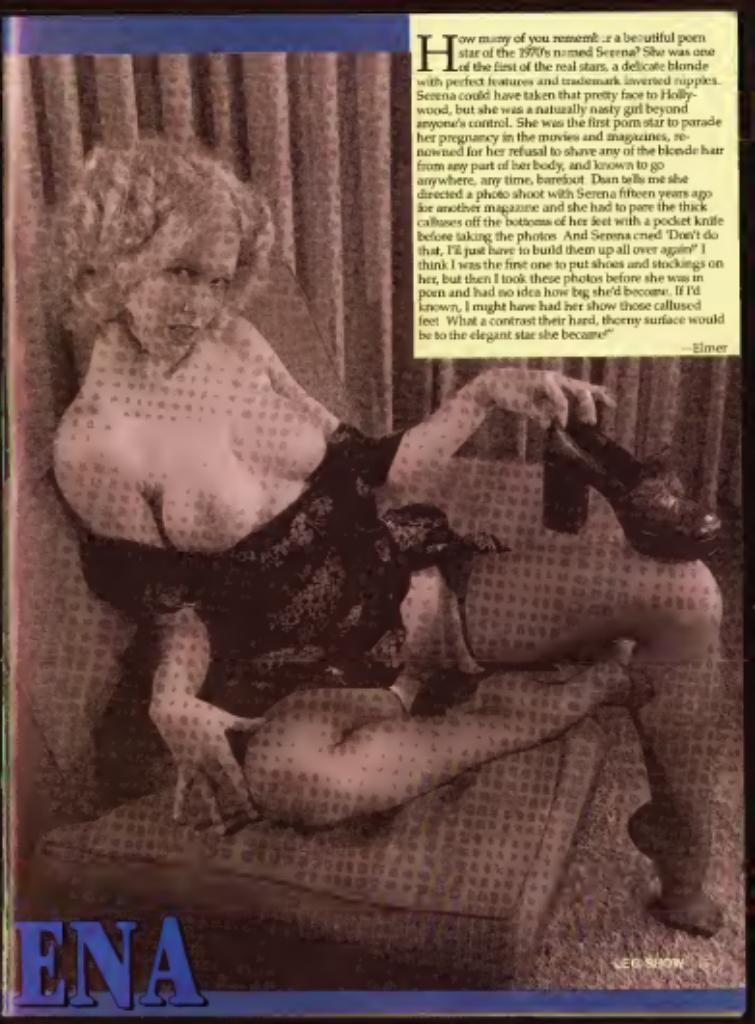




## ELMER BATTERS

# SERENA

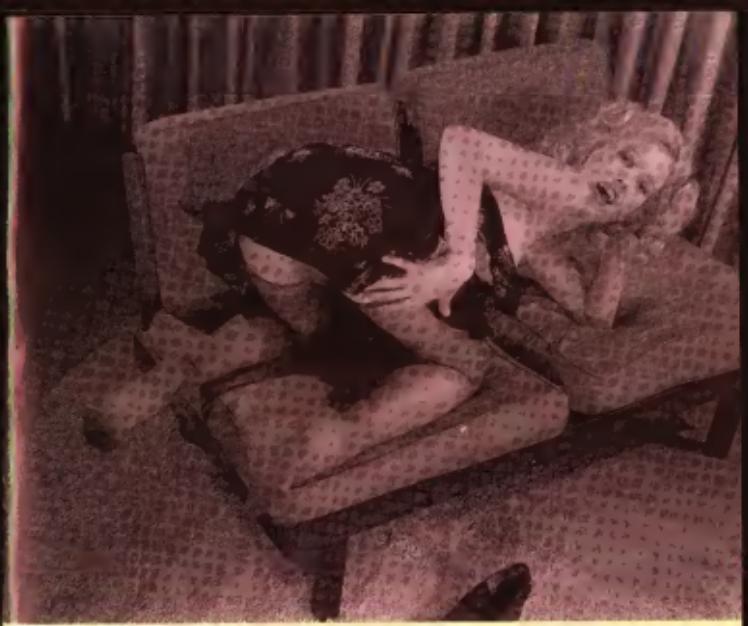
14 LEG SHOW



How many of you remember a beautiful porn star of the 1970's named Serena? She was one of the first of the real stars, a delicate blonde with perfect features and trademark inverted nipples. Serena could have taken that pretty face to Hollywood, but she was a naturally nasty girl beyond anyone's control. She was the first porn star to parade her pregnancy in the movies and magazines, renowned for her refusal to shave any of the blonde hair from any part of her body, and known to go anywhere, any time, barefoot. Dean tells me she directed a movie shot with Serena fifteen years ago for another magazine and she had to pare the thick calluses off the bottoms of her feet with a pocket knife before taking the photos. And Serena said "Don't do that, I'll just have to build them up all over again!" I think I was the first one to put shoes and stockings on her, but then I took these photos before she was in porn and had no idea how big she'd become. If I'd known, I might have had her show those callused feet. What a contrast their hard, thorny surface would be to the elegant star she became!

- Elmer

LEG SHOW



## VIDEO TAPES

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PART III " "  
PART IV " "

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

Specify  VHS  BETA

**SORRY!! NO CDS or PERSONAL CHECKS**



1

## Readers:

Here are some photos we want to share with you. Would like to sell or trade. Place ad for Nurse Nancy in Personals.

4 5

Click

**Home**

**P**HOTOS

Dear Dian:

Here are some photos of my sexy wife and her sexy shoe collection. I hope your readers enjoy them as much as we enjoyed taking them.

L&S  
Chicago, IL

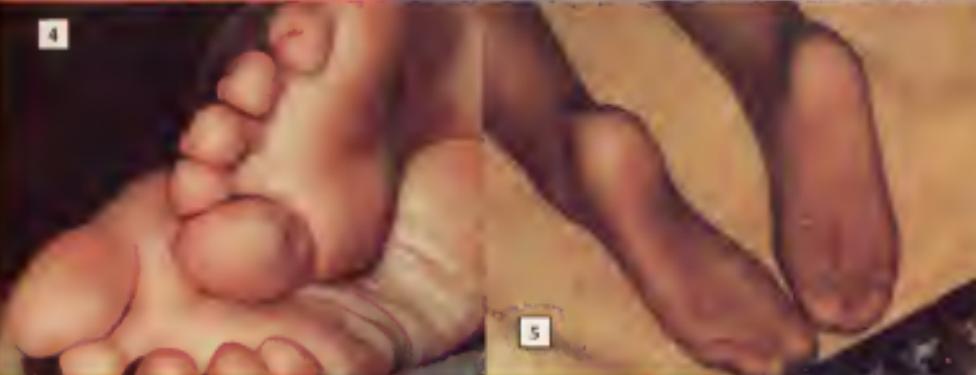
1 2 3



2



3



5



6



7

Dear Dan  
Here are some photos of my wife which I think will knock your hose off! I would love to see them in Home Photos. We love to look while looking at your mag!

R&M  
1630 30th St. Suite 108  
Boulder, Co. 80301

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20 LEG SHOW

Dear Dan  
My wife and I are hooked on LEG SHOW. We would love to hear some of the comments readers have about my wife's photos.

Paul and Lu  
PO Box 1284  
Martinsville, Va. 24115



11



15

16



16

Dear LEG SHOW

Enclosed you will find pictures of my incredibly sexy wife. She is in very good shape for having had three kids. She has come to understand my fetish for heels and hose and now caters to it quite often. She has recently shaved her pussy bare and has me trim it every week.

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John and Jane  
Grand Rapids, Mi



17



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18

**Dear Dian**

I have a fetish for rubber clothing, which my wife also enjoys immensely. We both love the feel and scent of latex. I love to smell her feet when she wears things on a really hot day; also after a day in a clean pair of Keds. I do not like feet that stink. Readers who share our likes are invited to write.

J.R.  
PO Box 290  
Gainesboro, N.C. 28529-0290



20



21

**Dear Dian**

My wife doesn't think her legs are good enough for Home Pictures, but I finally convinced her to let the readers be the judge. We take up the skirt tease shots wearing pantyhose with patterns. We'd be happy to hear your comments on our photos or do 1 on 1 photo exchange. Send your photos to us.

J.R.  
PO Box 188  
Tupangie, Ca 93443-0148

20 21 22  
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25

**Dear LEG SHOW**

These are pictures of my wife over the last seven years. I would love seeing her photos in print, knowing guys all over are cumming just looking at her.

C&amp;G

Bartram, Me

24

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23





AMANDA  
SWEET  
DREAMS





I know a lot of you dream about girls who are young and petite with sweet tiny feet. Not all of you want tall, long-legged girls who abuse you. Some would like a girl who驯es but comes across too, a girl like me.

"I'm only 5'4" and my feet are just stinkin'. I don't mind being a little short or being a little round, but to be treated like a little girl, I love to please my daddy too. That means dressing in pretty things, lacy feminine clothes and wearing sexy make-up that says, 'I'm a girl.'

"Do you like my lacy leggings? My naughty secret is that I'm not wearing any panties underneath. I dressed up in

this outfit to go on a date with one of my daddies and he was so excited. He didn't realize until we got to the restaurant that some of that swirly pattern over my crotch was actually sweetly pubic hair. I opened my legs as I sat at our table and invited him to take a peek under the table cloth. He was so red when he came up for air! I told him to slip his shoe off and tickle my pussy through the stretch lace with his big toe. It felt so good my pussy made a big wet spot on the lace and he could feel it coating his toe as he pushed it into my pussy through the stretch fabric. Boys, was his dick hard! I knew it was because I'd slipped my own



shoe off and put my little foot in his lap. "My toes may be sort of small and pudgy but they're very flat and I keep them nice and round. They're big better and stretchy when he touches his pants. Oh, he's so hard and stiff! He's almost forty years old and I was afraid he was going to have a heart attack right there. His ass in my pussy was making me so excited I just had to touch his penis, though, and when I felt the pre-cum soaking through his pants onto my foot my breathing came fast and hard. I had to taste myself on his toe, to give in to my own need to satisfy daddy's feet. Thankfully my youth makes me very agile. I twisted sideways and still striking him with my foot I ducked my head under the table. Pulling his foot from my

pussy, I wrapped my warm lips around his cunt soaked big toe and started to suck.

"It was too much for the poor thing. He grabbed my foot and rubbed it hard against his cock three times and shot off in his pants. The hot cum soaking through the fabric onto my toes triggered my orgasm and I'm a screamer. With my mouth full of his toe and his cum all over my face the place cars running. Seeing our bare feet and pants stained clothes they figured it out pretty fast and it took a lot of money from daddy's wallet to quiet them down.

"That's just one of the really fun things I've done with my daddies. Maybe I'll get to come back and tell you some more!"



# KAREN:



You know how much fun it is to play games in sex. Well, I was playing this little spanking game with a guy recently. We weren't doing it for anything, just physical padding. First we'd num our knees, then he'd cock w/ getting hard and have us sit up straight down between my sheets with these silk stockings on. Once he was taking me to sperm harder and realized that he was using each stroke as an excuse to thrust his penis through my stockings, I started spanking him against my legs. I couldn't believe how hard he'd gotten and started spanking him a little lower, slapping the swollen base of his cock, where it curved up into his asshole. He gasped and screamed and shot a big wet load of cum all over my stockings.

It told me the fine art of being lightly-slapped right on that place is between his balls and asshole was so great he couldn't help but cum and it got me really cumming, so I asked to do it over with him.

"I was so surprised she was naked. I'd never seen her topless before, spreading my legs a little wider and I felt her hand trailing directly on my cunt and asshole and boy that's when I shot through me! It was like it never even ended. It was as if my cum and my cock were still there. He could see what was happening and he tight-lipped it up, finally with a ruler but not suddenly over my buttcheeks. He would parallel to my crack, spanking my cunt and asshole. Finally he was pulling with delight and I began to feel something up there. He picked up a small crystal salt shaker and crissed it up there, slapping it onto place with the ruler. 'I love my cunt! Something up my cunt, too!' I quid, nearly delirious. The pepper shaker slid up there effortlessly.

"Now each tap made the plug thrust into my cunt



"and ass and I felt as I was being double fucked and disciplined for the naughtiness of it at the same time. I locked my legs around his and felt immobilized then as if I was also helpless to escape. I was dangerously close to orgasm."

"That's when I felt my friend's cock jabbing me in the crotch. It had swelled even from my passion and he was pulling the nipples from my holes. 'Not I wanted, wanting so bad to cum, when he replaced the plug in my ass with a far bigger one, his bloated cock. As he pummeled my ass, forcing it open to accept him, he continued spanking my cunt with the ruler, it didn't take much. I came with a shriek, just as his cock spewed into my tight asshole, his thrusts forcing the cum to splatter out around his phoning tool.'





I'm okay with captioning the photo. My art pieces are  
more like individual poems.

"I keep thinking about how recently I've been married.  
Now I should have more sex duty, but then I'm  
thinking, do you guys have married people? Why don't  
you have a comment? [They're] Pro-romantic. No  
f---ing."

# MAR-HA

T



**S**ay, what would you do to get my stocking toes in your mouth? Would you clean my house? Would you wash all my clothes? Would you wash six months of dirty stockings by hand after pre-roasting them in your mouth? Hmmm, now I see we're getting a reaction out of you. Would you perhaps suck the week's accumulated secretions from this g-string I'm wearing right now? You would? Even if I told you I'd been

fucked by four different men with really big penises who came in waves of hot, thick cum up my cunt, which I never douches out? And then I put the g-string on right over my dripping, swell-as-cum-stuffed cunt and I let it soak up the flow until just the friction of my thighs rubbing lightly together made it swell. Is of course make down my legs to sell my stocking toes? These very shocking topics? And since all that cum is my swimming and masturbation the whole time so let know how much you loved it?

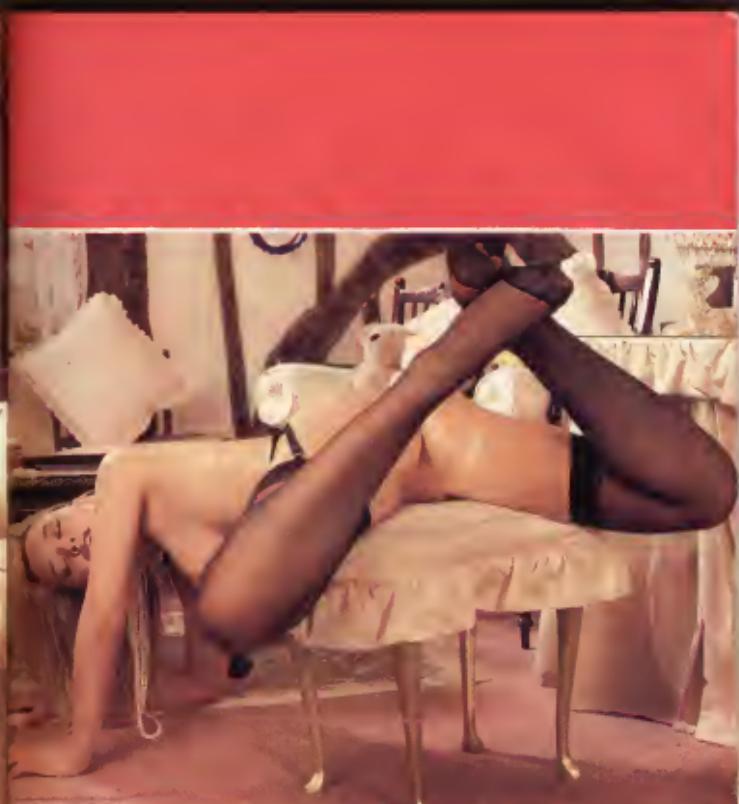
"Then I might let you suck my stocking toes. Of course, you haven't heard what's soaked into these stocking toes. It was all part of an experiment. I usually wear only clean stockings every day and clean pumps to go with them. Then my husband slipped her shoes off when we were both in the shoe store and I noticed a very strong odor coming from his feet. I knew it made my eyes water and I couldn't help but mention it. 'Oh,' she laughed. 'That's not my husband. When he's good I wear my stockings for two or three weeks without washing them. He's been specially good lately so I've worn these for three and a half weeks and he gets to have my feet tonight. That's why I'm getting the new ones.'

"What an intriguing idea! I hadn't realized men could like a smell that strong, but as I grew accustomed to it I had to admit it was very sexy smelling. If a man who'd been married eleven years could be aroused the way my friend said her husband was by stocking smell, just think what it could do to fresh conquests!

"And that's how I came to be with our strange men with my g-string blossoming from one ankle and my stockings soaked in cum and saliva. I wore my own stockings for two weeks straight, and then went back to the shoe store where I'd seen a distinctive bulge in the pants of my friend's salesmen on our previous visit. He had some friends staying with him and they were all stocking toes lovers who couldn't hold back their loads from either cum or stocking toes when they got a whiff of my treat.

"But now my stocking toes are so wet from all the dried saliva and I need them cleaned. Along with my getting. Do you think you would do the job?"





## LEG SHOW LETTERS

(continued from page 7)

on by such thoughts. I am not sadistic about enjoying people's orthopedic handicaps. In fact, I give to Shriners' Hospital, I will be happy for the day when all persons (men, women, boys, girls) can throw away crutches, braces, wheelchairs and walkers and walk by themselves. It is great that polio has all but disappeared.

When I started college in the early sixties there were many students who had been disabled by polio. I remember several girls on crutches with leg braces who prompted a number of hand-on sessions and hand jobs from yours truly back at my dorm. One was a pretty, willowy blonde who always wore skirts and seemed to glide as she swung her lifeless, braced legs on her crutches. Another was a pretty girl with reddish-brown hair who also wore skirts most of the time.

This obsession is still with me.

just as strong today. Three years ago, as a part of my job, some co-workers and I had occasion to visit a hospital. We were talking shop over lunch in the cafeteria. Suddenly, an attractive, young white-uniformed, red-headed lady came hobbling in on her crutches. She wore a skirt that stopped above her knees. She didn't have braces, but I could tell that her legs were useless since they hung limply every time she swung them on her crutches while going to the table. I was lucky my lap was hidden under the table where I was seated.

This is an obsession which I have kept hidden, since I fear ridicule. I've never told anyone about it, but it permeates my thoughts every day. I'm a lousy artist, but I was finally able to draw a picture of a beautiful blond with a very feminine white blouse and pink, full skirt, ruffled light blue slip showing, with long leg braces and crutches. When a newspaper insert featured a picture of a teenage poster girl for spina bifida, with only her upper body showing, supported on arm crutches, I cut out and extended the drawing—legs, braces and crutches—

so I could get a complete picture.

I don't think I'm a sicko. My fantasy does not include forcing myself on a helpless woman, or even usually having sex. What I often think of is mostly massaging the legs up to the thighs when she is wearing stockings or panty hose, or looking up their dresses at the full length of legs and braces. Often, I think of the wind catching their skirts when they are swinging their legs, helpless to let go of their crutches and pull the dress back down. One thought which really turns me on is the pretty girl who decides to attend a formal dance and wears a short, formal, very feminine dress in spite of her handicap. The thought of her beautiful, strong upper body swinging those helpless, braced legs under that delicately feminine outfit drives me wild! So does the thought of her gathering up her skirt and slip and pulling down her stockings and panties in the restroom to answer a nature call. (Sorry about combining fantasies.)

I believe that my obsession stems from the idea that legs are an integral part of a girl's sexuality. Seeing them totally helpless, supported by metal or wooden sticks when we're taught that women are supposed to bounce along on high heels to be sexy, could be part of the reason for this fixation. I've known several handicapped men and women, and I always treat them as I would anyone else. I realize that I could just as easily be in their situation.

If you could consider a picture of the fantasy I describe for your magazine, I would be grateful. Playboy once had a beautiful blond, but she was in a wheelchair. A woman taking a handicap would not do either. There are a number of attractive women who are permanently on crutches. Maybe one would be willing to pose. Surely I am not the only guy with this fantasy?

LEG SHOW is the first magazine that has made me feel comfortable about admitting my fantasies. I think you've done those of us with out-of-the-ordinary fantasies a great service. Thank you, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,  
L.B.  
Illinois



# BRENDA: *Cold Cruel World*



I don't want to take care of myself and I'm not ashamed to say it. It's such a cold cruel world out there and I've lived such a sheltered life, is there anything wrong with me not wanting it to change? I could be out there getting knocked around, learning to be tough and independent, but I'd rather stay soft and dependent, and so what if I never amount to anything in the outside world; I could be a lot to some strong man in his inside world.

"You wouldn't even have to buy me any outdoor clothes. Lots of beautiful sexy lingerie all I need as long as I'm going to be a homebody. You'd have to make all the money, but I could make it very worth it to you when you come home from a hard day at the office."

"You come in the front door and here I am, all perfumed and freshly made up in nice red lipstick and sultry dark eye shadow. My bra and top in a pretty black lace bra and a garter belt of the same lace holds my black stockings just on my long, shapely legs. My feet are perched on high black heels and a flamy g-string hugs my cunt. "Darling," I say. "I've been waiting for your orders all day. How can I serve you?" You know I mean it and that I will do whatever you ask, as I have proved myself many times in the past. I'm overjoyed when you tell me to strip for you, as I love displaying my body while you relax and stroke your cock. I lovingly strip you down to your underwear first and bring you a drink and



some oil so you'll be comfortable during my performance and ready to masturbate. Then I start my nose-

"The rich fragrance of my cunt lets you know how much I enjoy stripping for you. I ease my little panties down over my ass and throw them to you. You hold them to your nose and smoke your cock hairy. By the time I'm down to my soft bare skin your cock is standing proudly, the veins pulsing. It's all I can do to keep my mouth off it. You let me know it's not my mouth you want, though. You want my feet and I'm quick to oblige. Sitting on the floor before you I take the oil and rub it well into my toes and soles. Cocking my knees, I bring my feet up to surround your penis and have my pussy drops when I feel you throbbing between my soles! With the practiced strokes you taught me, I stroke you closer and closer to climax. Please, oh please, I can't help begging. Please cum on my feet. I want you so bad all over my sweet clean feet!"

"Then I feel it! Your hot cum is seeping out, splattering my legs and soaking my feet. I keep pumping until I've worked it all out and then, trembling with the excitement, I bring my toes to my lips and suck all your delicious nocturnal juice, while my own orgasm engulfs me."

"Just think about it. I'm sure someone out there could get into this."







HEATHER:

LOOK  
AT  
ME



ALL LEG SHOW



Vegas Show

**I**t's been going on for a long as I can remember. I'm one of those women who will do anything for attention, particularly sexual attention. I come from such a boring, small town and there just won't any way to find excitement, unless I make it myself. It started with my bicycle.

I liked to ride in a little skirt with split crotch panties underneath. You couldn't buy panties like that in my town so I made them myself by splitting the crotch part. Then I pulled my lips through the split and rubbed them 'till they were red and swollen. Now I was ready to ride! It was an easy trick for me to flip up my skirt when I pedaled a lively sex and give him a beautiful flash of my engorged cunt bursting through my panties. I'd have to pedal really hard after a flash, squirming my cunt from side to side on the bike seat until a big orgasm drained my tension away.

The tension never seemed to completely go away, though. Flashing made me want more and more attention. Soon I'd discarded the panties altogether and flashed my bare cunt boldly, letting them see that I was pulling my skirt up just for their appreciation. I even installed a rearview mirror on my bike so I could look back and see their shocked expressions as I pedaled away. When my newfound passion led me to throw up my gown and flash the entire graduating

class of my junior college, from the stage no less, I knew I'd grown too big for my home town.

"So I took my act to Chicago, the Windy City, along with a suitcase full of loose skirts. Oh, the fun I had here! In summer when the winds blow mad! I love to wear my skirts over absolutely nothing but my long lightly oiled legs and bare pussy lips? No sex can compare. It's like an orgy, since I can expose myself to many men and women in a single day and seeing their shocked and aroused expressions is like having a little sex with each one. I'm so excited by the time I get home I throw myself on the bed and spread my legs wide. In seconds I reach my first orgasm, rubbing my clif while I stroke my soft thighs with the other hand. Over the next couple of hours I'll cum many times, with my hand and with various



# LEG SHOW





# EMPRESS VICTORIA'S BREEDING FARM

*In Female Captivity, Release  
Is Hard To Cum By.*

By Greta Pommier

The big male knelt obediently in absolute silence, in the hushed and darkened room. His huge shoulders and broady muscled arms were clasped tightly behind him. The defined muscles of his thighs and buttocks were tensed in expectation. His head was bowed in a universal posture of extreme deference. Between his legs, his penis had been won in the repose of its semi-quiescent state. His scrotum hung low, his plump like testicles clearly defined in their shaved sack.

He tensed, muscles trembling with expectation, and listened intently. Footsteps sounded in the tiled floor of the antiseptic corridor beyond the locked door. The footsteps drew nearer. The male trembled slightly, his every sense—so depred in the darkened room—now attuned suddenly to the sounds outside his door. Yes! It was time! He responded with joy when he identified the sound of two sets of high-heeled footsteps coming nearer. His penis quivered. Between his legs, his penis began slowly to lengthen and thicken until it lifted, purple blotted and erect. A key turned in the lock of his door and it opened. The light went on. The kneeling male kept himself motionless, his head bowed and his eyes closed.

A young woman's voice giggled. "Ooh, look! This one's ready for his milky cow! Come on, look at me, Priscilla. Have you ever seen a breeding farm male with a penis so big?" Two sets of high-heels clicked closer. The male glared the shaming pointed toe of one woman's pump just beyond his shoulder. He did not miss his hand or his eyes. The big male sensed that the one identified as Priscilla squatted behind him. She coked and arched over the size of his penis.

Then what he was longing for hap-

pened! He felt a hand boldly examine him between his legs, reaching through from behind under his bare buttocks. It was a knowing hand, a warm hand. The hand grasped his penis firmly to pull it down and backseated. A low groan of helpless excitement escaped him then. The young women feeling his penis giggled. The young man came seated and bent over the big male. He was pulled from the darkening cradle of her inch-thick-wielded black pumps, up across the tops of her highly arched feet, to hang on the curving curves of her pretty ankles and calves. A spotless white apron hem began at her knees.

The hand between the big male's legs released his penis, which snatched forward to slip鼠ably against his abdomen. A thin three-like string of organ arousal frayed from the tip of the organ to glimmer against the knotting muscles of his bare thigh. The young woman identified as Priscilla coked him again. Her tenacles were coyly weighed in a warm cooing poison before being abruptly dropped so swing to and fro between his legs once again.

The young woman who had been amazing his spoke. Her soft soprano voice was pitched high and very assertive. "Give me some of the oil, Natasha, and I'll rub it into his penis. The second-shift masturbation team is getting dressed now." The young lady laughed and the big male jerked, feelings fingers thoroughly off his privates. All the white fevered eyes remained locked on the dainty pumps of the other woman who

stood in front of him. Her shoes were cut so low and stylishly that he could see the ston of the tiny clefts between the bases of her toes. The only sound in the room was the liquid squishing sounds of the oiled hand that casually worked between his legs. Soon the task of the goading hands was complete and the young women abandoned him, leaving him alone and then...

Beyond the headed window frame that filled the high window of the room in which the male knelt, the lawns of Empress Victoria's Breeding Farm were bathed in the peaceful sun glow of a later summer afternoon. The immaculate grounds adjoined the equally pristine campus of the Southeast Scientific College for Young Ladies. The revolution, when it had come, had been nearly instantaneous and all-pervasive; women now controlled the economic and political affairs of the world. Men were identified as slaves. They had not enough to handle basic low-level functions of society. The male women used for sexual pleasure had all been sterilized. Two large genetic-engineering facilities controlled reproduction via artificial insemination. Males were bred with the massively muscled bodies and gigantic penises that women drooled over, but mentally, they were hard to be humble and mellow, and taught to obey females implicitly from their earliest infancy. The strutting egos of the macho male was a thing of the past.

The male cows of Empress Victoria's Breeding Farm were regularly mastur-

*"The human male cows were regularly milked by young coeds."*

bated by teams of young women recruited from the nearby college. Retractable seats were fixed to the males used for artificial insemination, every aspect of the medical sterilization procedure was carried out solo. Cassie's last attempt to escape had ended in tears, to coax from her lone a terrible load of maximum quantity and mobility.

Cassie came nervously on a low bench in Masturbator's Chezong Suite #14. She surveyed herself in the mirror before her dancing, straight, waist-length hair, and her legs. They were very both attractive and elegant. She unbuttoned her panty hips and turned her head to flip a dark wayward lock from her eyes. Cassie giggled. She couldn't help it! Her costume was so bizarre!

She was the strongest dress she had ever seen. It was fashioned of tight black rubber and extended from a high collar at her neck to knee-length. Actually, it was half upon, half dress. Its sleeves were long, but Cassie arms were covered anyway in matching black shoulder-length gloves. She wore pretty leg warmers made of single-toned stockings with large reinforcements snugly cuffing her perfect tons and her heels as well. Cassie crossed her legs and wiggled her stocking feet, arching and pointing her glossy plumped toes in the mirror in front of her.

It all started when she and Dawn Fairchild saw the advertisement for masturbators in the campus newspaper. They snuckered over it for a long time, but had both been sitting outside the dormitory. Still, they had been watching a female masturbator rubs themselves on the penises of some of her male room-mates who worked naked. A lot of pretty young college girls were laying around, smirking at the spectacle. Anyway, she and Dawn had actually gone through with it. To Cassie's disappointment, Dawn had been assigned to a different masturbation lesson. Oh well! Cassie pointed prettily, twirling one long sweep strand of her hair between her gleaming rubber-gloved fingers as she bounced her foot up and down.

And now the show! Cassie uncrossed her legs and pointed her toes, slipping them into the gleaming black pumps of her legs. The sun-like feel of the floor made her smile. She arched her back, but arched her as well. Cassie stood up, the muscles of her panty cathers and thighs flexing a little at the unaccustomed sensation of precatious

balance. Cassie laughed. With her gloved hands on her trim hips, she strutted back and forth before the mirror, almost tottering. On the hard floor, Cassie's nipples began to erect, and her breathing grew more rapid in anticipation. She clucked her tongue for her wickedly wandering hand and determined to be a perfect model of propriety and modesty, no matter what her new job might entail. Cassie set her pouty little mouth in an expression she intended as prim, but was rather a trifle fetchng and suggestive instead.

Noreen pointed out the landmarks in Cassie as they passed through. "This is the wet bar," Cassie. "We're on level three." Cassie noticed the numbered doors that lined the long corridor, doors of them on each side. "The males on this level have already been masturbating this evening, Cassie," Noreen continued. "We're taking the elevator up to level five. The fast-stuff masturbation team left off with S2. We'll begin by masturbating the male in S3."

"Yeah, and it's your fault too!" her friend accused. "You got him an excited cause you had him fuck your pumps first. The cows love doing that before their rutting."

Cassie paused before the mirror, her pants with sets in an "U" that revealed a monster of prostate distance and fascination. A moment later the door behind her opened. The senior masturbator of Cassie's team, Noreen Britt, stepped into the changing room.

"Ready, Cassie?" the tall young woman inquired. "How do the pump feels? I know they like a little getting used to, but the males squat big loads when we're wearing them. Let's go. I bet you a little nervous, right? I was the first night I performed the routine."

Cassie laughed, warming immediately to Noreen's outgoing confidence. She followed Noreen down the hall. Noreen had her push the liquid nitrogen cart, which also contained a foot-activated curtain pump that the masturbators sometimes used instead of their hands. Cassie was grateful, holding the push bar of the cart made walking in her stocking pumps that much easier. She was flushed and excited as they walked down the hall, Noreen prancing in her expertly applied pantyhose. Their expertly applied pantyhose. Their bodies were angled, and their calves curved with each marching step.

Cassie bit her lips as she accompanied Noreen to the door of masturbation room S3. Noreen opened it with her master key and Cassie followed her in, pushing the liquid nitrogen cart. Cassie stopped, shut the door behind her, and then wheeled the cart over beside the knotting male. Cassie couldn't keep her eyes off his big, law-hanging scrotum, dangling down between his knotted thighs.

*"Their rubber dresses stretched drum-tight across stocking-thighs."*

Her cheeks burned hot as she thought of actually holding a big penis in her little gloved fist and flinging the sperm right out of it. Beneath her rubber dress, Cassie's nipples began to erect, and her breathing grew more rapid in anticipation. She clucked her tongue for her wickedly wandering hand and determined to be a perfect model of propriety and modesty, no matter what her new job might entail. Cassie set her pouty little mouth in an expression she intended as prim, but was rather a trifle fetchng and suggestive instead.

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Cassie's heart thuddied. She looked down at her tattooed day-dot feet as they clicked along the smooth, shiny bottom of the tiled floor. Her little feet were dancing on the black pumps that made each step a precise, ignored wiggle. Noreen looked at Cassie as they waited for the elevator and decided she liked her new partner. "Oh Cassie, one more thing. The males are rigidly trained to keep their hands locked behind their backs. It's not to be cruel to them—don't worry. We have teams of female stimulators that oil them and keep them aroused so semen production will stay high. We train them like that because it would be consistently annoying and wasting their sperm otherwise."

When Noreen and Cassie stepped off the elevator, they almost bumped into a team of two stroking stimulators. The stimulators giggled. "They're all ready for you," the lead stimulator purred with a pretty dimpled smile. "The cows in S3 are going pre-cum all over himself! I thought for a second there he was going to blow his load in Priscilla's hand! She let go of him just in time." Noreen laughed. Cassie and the stimulator exchanged a knowing glance, both blushing; they recognized each other, since they shared the same Classical French literature class at the college.

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(continued on page 86)

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# GLORI ANN:



## 103 My Three Husbands



I just didn't know you cared! After my first appearance in the November '90 issue I got so many letters. Who would have thought? "No man would like a cruel faithless wife like me!" After I told how I made my husband sit in the closet and masturbate while he watched me screw other men on our marriage bed, and suggested I might like to find a second husband to join him in the closet I got loads of letters. Of course some were from men who'd like to fuck me... while my husband could only watch and empty his seed onto the closet walls. Reading about my husband their descriptions of how they'd spread my legs wide and ravage my gaping cunt with their adutlerous cocks made my quiver in fear and shame. Watching me masturbate as I fantasized fucking them, while giving him only a scaled pair of panties to shoot his cum thru, increased his humiliation until he was begging me to actually follow through. You see, he's so well trained he can only imagine watching me get fucked now, not doing it. I picked him off to quiet him because all these other letters were filling my attention.





...and a card of yours or someone else's birthday card and some family photo. And then, the first time I get to see the person whose photo it is, I have to kiss them. It's like a tradition. I've never been to a wedding without kissing the bride. I'm not sure if it's because I'm a romantic or if it's just because I'm a good sport. I mean, I'm not really a fan of kissing people I don't know, but I do it anyway. I think it's just a nice gesture to show that you care about the person whose photo it is. I mean, who doesn't want to be kissed on their birthday?



**S**trolling across Jackson Square on a bright spring day, I spotted her as soon as she entered the square through the St. Louis Cathedral gate. She wasn't a knockout, but she caught my attention immediately, primarily because she had so many buttons unfastened up the front of her dress that I could see the bottom of her black panties as she walked.

They stopped. The girl sat on the last bench at the end of the bleachers. I waded around to the front of her, so I could peek up her dress. The geek took the camera off his shoulder, adjusted it and stepped back. Then he grabbed an amazing thing, pointing directly at me, she lifted her left foot up over the bench, leaving her right foot on the ground, opening her legs right around my face. A mischievous smile came over her face as she undid two more buttons on her dress, which caused us to begin all the way down there.

# MORWICK

FLASHING AND FUCKING WERE

# HER GAME

*By James Redmond*

At least they looked like black panties, from a distance! She had a great pair of legs, accentuated by her high heels. She also had a nice, sexy walk.

She was a tall girl, about 5'9", with long black hair and a good figure. But she wasn't alone. Trailing behind was a geeky-looking man in standard-issue nerd clothing, down to the ballpoint pens in his breast pocket and camera dangling from his shoulder. I had my new Nikon with me and decided to see where this odd couple was headed.

the girl with the fine legs was headed. I followed her through the square, through the throng of

tourists that always crowds New Orleans in the spring, across Decatur Street, over the seawall to the Moonwalk overlooking the Mississippi. It was breezy by the river and I learned to maneuver around to get in front of the couple, who were none walking arm in arm. The woman lowered over the geek by several inches.

I cut them off near the end of the Moegwalka, a wooden walkway atop the levee, dotted with wide wooden benches. As the couple approached, and the wind lifted her flowered dress, I could see that she was wearing panties at all. Immediately I felt a tug in my crotch. Walking past me, the girl flushed a wide smile. I smiled back.

HER GAME

She was only about fifteen feet from me, giving me a full view of her person! She turned her face to the geek and grinned.

Damn! I stumbled with my camera.  
"Not bad, huh?" It was too gray.  
"Hell, no," I agreed, raising my  
camera to my eye to get a full focus  
and a quick shot.

"My wife's good-looking, man!" It was the geek again, speaking before I squeezed the sweater.

I looked at the girl, who smiled even wider at me as she leaned back and spread her legs more. I was breathing heavily now and nodding like one of those idiot dogs on the dashboard of a station wagon.

"Hi," she said, winking at me. "I'm Catherine." She had a nice, deep, very sexy voice.

Louise, who had been looking down at the ground, looked up and focused on the dark bush between her legs. She squeaked off two more shots before looking up again. Catherine turned to her husband and repositioned herself in another pose. Louise quick took a look around and saw that five

Catherine had lifted her left foot up onto the back of the bench. She

athen's lookout so delicate. Third remark that could show me need to call. Took another picture, even closer than before.

Tiger I crossed the boundary to the south by road to never be seen again. Just as it was to end, the tiger was shot at the gate as he passed by, and a new found dimension to his memory would be added.

The 2-1 nodded to his wife and said "OK, OK."

Catherine said spread, unbuttoned the rest of the buttons and let the dress fall off her shoulders. Yes? This woman was gauged; her very round breasts pain and excited. Took more pictures, sitting, really getting into it, began to move her shoulders and twist around.

"I won't do this," said the cup until it was exposed outside. "I can't be beaten." It was a large, tattered black and silver teacup, with a slightly irregular rim, and a very long, thin handle.

He was a determined and second to none. Sir, what has done quickly and so faithfully at his service, who could there wish his

mouth open. I was considering a quick getaway when I noticed the furrow vanish from the cop's brow and a smile came over his face.

"Well follow me," he said. "I know a good spot to do this kinda thing."

Who was gonna argue? The cop said his name was Charlie. Catherine's husband said his name was Eddie. I just tagged along as Charlie, led us down the lever to the Nicholls Street Wharf.

"This place is deserted for the weekend," Charlie explained as he unlocked the gate and led us through the warehouse out to the wharf. "They got some cotton bales over there." Charlie nodded toward the edge of the wharf next to the river. "That'll be a good spot."

Eddie became very excited at this point and kept saying, "OK, OK."

Catherine moved to the center

back of the boat so he could get both of them in the capture. I followed suit as Charlie stripped off his uniform and equipment—an empty belt, I took the time to change into and put on a new 36-explosion null. I took a couple minutes for Charlie to strip his belt, rocks and nightstick and uniforms, before he was strapped in-tum of Catherine.

The master began and his sickly proportioned Formed skyward, I looked up and ready Charlie climbed up with Catherine and set next to her. With no preceding Catherine took Charlie, pushing with his black blunt. She pulled him up and seated him standing, and then sat, and then reclining. Then she stood up and straddled him, face to face.

Charlie's hands trembled but he stopped them and held his hands in a prayer-like position. "OK," he said. "I'm ready to go." Catherine nodded her head and we continued our course. Catherine was so good at what she did, I reached for her arms and gently swayed her from time to time. Running my fingers down the length of her emerald green-trimmed lace bodice and just under her bust. Her breasts were so full and ripe. I massaged her nipples and then

## "The wind lifted her flowered dress, she wasn't wearing panties."

bales without further instruction. She unbuttoned her dress, removed it completely, and dropped it behind her. Then she climbed onto the first bale and sat cross-legged, facing us.

Eddie was snapping pictures immediately. I started, too. Catherine moved around atop the cotton. She threw her legs around in different positions, played with her breasts for our cameras, finalized herself. Then she lay back on the bale and opened her legs. Eddie moved in for a close-up between his wife's legs and then gave way for me to get a close-up of her wide-open pussy.

Catherine stood up and posed. Still in her heels, she looked so tiny up there, with a breeze from the river flowing through her long hair. Spreading her heel wide, she turned her back to us, and bent at the waist to look at us through her open knees. Eddie and I got some great shots up her pussy and ass. I kept noticing how Catherine watched the cop as she moved around. Charlie gave her a good looking-over, too, and made a few hungry sounds when she changed poses. Reclining on the bale, Catherine asked Charlie, "Care to pose with me?"

"Don't mind if I do," the eager cop said as he began to remove his shirt.

He stepped inside the cabin and waited a moment. "You OK?" I asked her. She nodded and pulled me by the hand and my mom was so proud. She said to take my mom home because Eddie was sick and told this girl to bring him. I could tell he'd be fine either way. "The pussy smells with her panties," Eddie said about so nad.

Both Eddie and I were snapping away. I was right there in the picture position to catch Catherine as she began to make her pants up and down the length of Charlie's long dick. Then she was all suggestively posing for the camera of the deck and suddenly a cool couple seconds later she took every inch of it. Charlie let out a soft groan and Catherine let out a soft groan, too, on the command. "Yeah, I can feel your husband and I feel his penis."

"Oh, God," Catherine cried out.

"Sob, you love it, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered her black master. "Fuckin' I want you to fuck me good."

"That's what I'm doing, white girl."

They pumped away and around against each another. Catherine cradled her back again and grabbed on to Charlie, who kept moaning and he liked a piedpiper.

You like my dress, I really like yours."

"Yes, I know it's tacky," Catherine said. Charlie's time had finally come. I used to be a bit of a show-off, but they were having a moving now. I took the time to assist in getting out the right of Catherine's pussy. Finally, they both eased up and we left their barge.

I didn't change my rolls and turned around. When I stepped out, he said, "Pretty bad, isn't it?"

"It's not that bad," Charlie said.

She reached out to Charlie and we

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I used to have my own photos taken. The guy was a wedding photographer, never did anything like this before. Didn't have any prints or anything, just took me in his living room and said, 'Do whatever it is you're going to do' and got ready to take pictures. And I did my stuff.

"When I bought the photos in I was told they didn't look very professional. My photos may not, but I do, and they had to agree and buy my pictures. I am a pro you see. I'm a professional dick enlarger, orgasm expeditor and cum master, the Supreme Grand Mistress of Masturbation. And don't you dare call me a whore because I have never touched a dick for money as my life. Why should I? I can get you off and get your money without having to touch your cock. I do the teasing, you do the jerking. Is that safe sex or what?

"It's so easy with you older, 'settled down' guys. You don't really want an affair, do you? A sexy prick tease like me would totally fuck up your secure successful life. One dip of your dog in my tight, wet warm, elastic young cunt and you'd be my slave. Your wife would leave you, your kids would hate you and you'd probably spend so much time growling between my downy thighs you'd lose your job. Then I'd dump you for my next home wrecker when. So whacking it is where it's at, right? Keeps just the right amount of space between us while fulfilling that deep, growing midlife need. And I'd be so happy to pose my supple nineteen year old body while you masturbate. My feet are plump and healthy at this age and have no problems standing for hours in pencil thin five inch



spikes. I like the way my calves get curvy and my soft little pink ass pokes out when I'm inheats. You'd love to pull your cock as I mirrored around in circles, making my ass quiver fleshily. When I bend over and peek at you coyly between my legs, my cheeks spreading as I bend to expose my fragrant little brown asshole. I know you'd have to fight to hold your cum back. You can't cum yet, though. I'll put my hand over my asshole and not let you take another peak until you make me happy. A girl needs money to live, you know, just like a man like you needs masturbation. So give Delilah what she needs now or the show can't go on. Here, I'll kick off my shoe and you can fill it with cash, as soon as you take a deep deep snuff of the warm moist leather interior."

"Doesn't that make you feel generous? Just slip your money in and I'll slip my foot back in the shoe, your nice warm money there against my little foot. Now I'll take my hand off of my asshole and open my pussy nice and wide to show you how wet the sight of a man stroking his cock can make a young girl. Shoot for me, baby. You've earned it and we both need it."



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*Wilder  
Thangs*

PEARL



In my first layout I told you what a wild thing I am, how I just got to challenge the limits of every man's kink potential. Well now I'm back with an even wilder challenge, two on one. We look just like sisters, don't we? Pearl and I like to capitalize on that, like to use our sister image look to fire up a man's imagination, boost his hormone output, build a boner on him that will last through whatever we do to him until we're



both completely satisfied. Both me and Pearl of course. It ain't in the law of nature for us to be caring about the satisfaction of our male toy. And since we recognize ourselves as wild animals, savage sexual beasts, the laws of nature are the only laws we obey.

The other night we dressed in our tight little spandex minidresses and went clubbing. Mm um, you should





have seen us twerking our tight fitting butts on the dance floor 'til our dresses rode all the way up to our thighs. We stuck our butts way out and humped 'em around with Pearl's thick bush sticking out and my shaved lips glistening all wet and just swollen for the world to see. This horny little Chinese guy grabbed my hips and started grinding his grom right up against my bare lips and when I pushed him off my juice was smeared all over the outline of his stiff dick on the front of his pants. We decided he was the night's toy.

"We played with his penis through his pants all the way to his apartment to get him under our spell. Then as soon as the door shut behind us it was play time. He was surprisingly easy to wrestle to the floor and handily wriggled when we



ned our sweaty feet over his face with one of Pearl's week old stockings. We'd stuffed her other stocking in his mouth before tying our feet over his nose, which is maybe why he didn't make much noise. Then I slit his pants off with my cute little switchblade. "Don't bitch, now!" I warned, digging my toes into his face. "I'd hate to cut your dick before I got to use it." Then Pearl and I stripped away the rags that had been his clothes and played penis pong. That's where we slap pens back and forth between us using our spike heels as paddles. When that made him dribble pre-cum I tied one of my stockings around the base of his cock to keep him from cumming too soon.

"Since he was now in a position where he couldn't cum no matter how much he wanted to, we decided to make ourselves cum. We took turns squatting over his swollen purple cock and fucking ourselves to

violent orgasms. Over and over his cock writhed and his balls tensed in a strangled attempt to shoot their load, but my stocking tourniquet held him in check. Of course we had to untie our feet from his face to fuck him, but I kept the stocking in his mouth and one over his eyes to keep him under control.

"At last we had enough and after a snack from his refrigerator and a shower in his tub we dressed and prepared to leave. "Oh, we almost forgot our stockings!" Pearl giggled. And so we had. They were still blinding, gagging and cock-controlling our toy. Pearl pulled hers from his face and put them on. Last, I uncased more foam around his twitching, still hard cock and gave him one last parting tap with my high heel. The gusher of cum that erupted from him was a real record breaker! It was still spewing out of him as we closed the door and slipped off into the night."



# "Her long legs wrapped around her black fucker, her husband taking pictures."

(continued from page 72)  
A strain of cum oozing from her well-fucked pussy.

Charlie handed her a cold soft drink he'd gotten from a vending machine inside the warehouse. Catherine thanked him. Then he passed her a sword as also received from the workshop.

"It's clean," he said as she cleaned herself up.

Eddie was standing now by me, dressed in the uniform in his shop. He took her at me and said, "Get you the screwdriver with him."

He was now sweating all over his shirtless torso.

"I know how to fix it. There's nothing more difficult than my wife's face when her gotten off." Eddie stuck his tongue out at me again. "That's it. I've seen enough. You're going to pay." Eddie bent it to her and we'll be doing some

about this."

"I'll never think of Eddie as a good again. He *may* not be much of a human, but he sure knows how to give his wife pleasure."

I helped Catherine pull out her dress. She buttoned it on our way

through the warehouse, just as we went about to get outside, another car arrived. This one was white, young and very excited.

"You missed it," Charlie told him. "But..."

Catherine laughed and grabbed the white coveralls. She undid them in a walk, leaned her butt against a post and unbuttoned her blouse. She unbuttoned her dress and unfastened her belt.

"As Eddie and Catherine is about to do, I am turned and said, "Maybe we'll run into you again. Some day it's been a year now and I still looking like the pictures. They may be old, but they're damn regulars of mine, and the girl from the Missouri are quite come time."

## EMPEROR VICTORIA'S BREEDING FARM

(continued from page 62)

The big male's heart was thudding, and pounding in his heavily muscled chest. The stimulators had enhanced his penis, teased it with hints of what the masturbation team would do to him later. And now they were here! He blinks until his eyes adjusted to the light. He shook, knowing he was very close to release. They both stood behind him. His hearing had grown very keen in the sensory-deprived world of his masturbation room. He knew that a new assistant masturbatrix was present tonight!

He gulped and bit his lip. He was sure that both his masturbators must be able to hear the hammering of his heart. The new assistant masturbatrix was a petite girl, he could tell from the clarity click of her high-heeled footsteps. He longed for a sight of her in the lucious pumps that she knew she must be wearing. He huge erect penis pulsed between his legs.

Noreen squatted down by the big male and smiled up at Casse with a winking, knowing glint in her eye.

"Casse," Noreen said smugly. "Be a

die and grab the sample bottle, then

get down here and lead your eyes on the biggest penis you may ever see!"

Casse grabbed the graduated semen bottle, then squated down beside Noreen. Both their rubber dresses were stretched drum-tight across their spayed, stockinged thighs. Both girls

were in so pretty. Eli never forget the sight of her hanging inverted that wall, her dress open, her long legs wrapped around her latest toadie. Her husband still taking pictures. It's an undiluted picture in my mind.

I sent my best to get their address or phone number, button.

Catherine and Eddie the clicking.

"You've got nice pictures," Catherine told me before they turned to leave.

"But..."

Catherine laughed and kissed the white coveralls. She undid them in a walk, leaned her butt against a post and unbuttoned her blouse. She unbuttoned her dress and unfastened her belt.

"As Eddie and Catherine is about to do, I am turned and said, "Maybe we'll run into you again. Some day it's been a year now and I still looking like the pictures. They may be old, but they're damn regulars of mine, and the girl from the Missouri are quite come time."

He gulped and bit his lip. He was sure that their garter straps were revealed between the hem of their dresses and the darker reinforcements of their stockinged toes. The tight rubber appeared to be bursting across the two sets of broad pearl-shaped bottoms.

The first male's cheeks deepened two shades of crimson. Noreen? Casse breathed, with an almost innocent comical disbelief tinging her soft voice. "Is it real?"

Noreen laughed and, in answer to Casse's question, reached up under the male's abdomen and casually grasped his swollen penis. Noreen gave the big penis two or three causal raps. Casse felt her panties moisten between her legs when she started the tickling, seeing the bloom of her own pussy's glans as he responded to the maternal abuse. "Ooh! It's her wanting himself. Is he like?" Casse mumbled, flushed and fascinated at the spectacle.

Noreen giggled and stopped pulling on the male's big penis. "You try it, Casse," she urged. "Go ahead. Masturbate him a little."

Casse pressed her thighs together in an unsuccessful effort to stop the mad-

dening tingle between her legs. She reached out and took the cow's erect penis in her shiny, rubber-gloved fist. Casse felt its twitching heat even through her rubber glove. Her hips parted as she worked the big stalk, pulling it this way and that in her soucy little fist. Casse's face was a pretty mask of

"But..." The strong of pre-cum that had started along, dripping descent from the dirt in the tip of the penis now contended its slow quivering journey, mute evidence of the male's brief excitement. Casse smiled as she rubbed the long male's penis, then moved it from side to side to watch the glistening string of pre-cum string in time to the motions of her hand. "Having fun, Casse?" Noreen teased.

The male gasped at the sensations the female brought him. His manhood flexed and knotted; his brow was wet with perspiration, and his heart pounded. Ever mindful of farm rules is to the conduct of male cows, he kept his eyes downcast, regarding only that the legs and feet of the young women were not in his line of sight. The hands of his masturbators tormented him, subjecting him to agony which, though pleasurable, was very real nonetheless. They spoke and laughed but he did not eat the grapes goitered fond his mind, while the hand of the new assistant masturbatrix cruelly yet gently toyed with his prostate.

"Casse, Casse, I'll begin to masturbate him, you go around in front of him and put on a high-heeled shoe. This cow loves six-inch pumps!" Casse panted, not wanting to give up the drooping toy that twitched between the male's legs so soon. "Don't worry, Casse," Noreen laughed. "I hadn't realized how much fun you were having! But I'll let you know that if I just want to tease him awhile and want him to come into a fine lather, it's fun! Get them panting, moaning, panting and shakin' before we bring them off!"

Casse stood up and turned around to the front of the male. She rested her weight on her left leg and pivoted her right foot in its sprigged heel. Noreen's hands now caressed the male. "Casse, I think he likes you. Ooh, he's so wet!" Noreen Britt handled the big penis between the male's legs with a consummate knowledge. Her fingers gently encircled it, and the nipples began to a firm stimulation. Above her, she pulled it backword so of pointed from below the male's flexing buttocks directly toward her rubber-clad leg. The male gritted and tensed the muscles of his tormented body. The bloated tip of his penis freely oozed pre-cum. It glistened on Noreen Britt's rubber

gloves and generously puddled the floor just beyond the seat shining toes of her pumps.

Casse stalked as she stood with her rubber-gloved arms folded across her breasts. She was deprived of her view of the male's penis since Noreen had it pulled backword. Casse giggled madly. "Noreen, can I do a cunnilingus? When you masturbate, does my way? Or does like her panties have been cut off?" Noreen smiled and released the male's penis. It snapped forward and upward to respond against his abdomen, throwing off another glistening string of pre-cum as it did so. Casse's eyes sparkled. She stared at the twitching purple muscle. Her panties were soaking wet. Noreen's fingers reached forward toward the male's legs, recaptured his penis and began teasing it again. "Okay, then." Noreen purled the tip of her tongue directly into the male's nipples and she wriggled her hips as she searched the masturbation.

Without thinking, Casse slipped off her right pump and arched her stockinged foot on the cool tiles of the masturbation room floor. The male had a most alluring view of her rounded heel, high instep and nautrally minuscule toes. Casse smirked, her eyes flashing with pleasure as once again she slipped off her right pump. She arched her foot deviously and slowly brought her reinforced toes down onto the fast pedal that controlled the suction pump. The electric motor in the pump whined into high gear and the male gasped at the long, wet, sex-saturated experience. Casse giggled and raised her foot. The male watched as the pretty little toes of his masturbators depressed the pedal. He moaned as the electric motor whined again and the suction drew him toward depths. Casse leaned him several more times, and then kept her foot pressed down on the pedal. The motor revved and the big male panted and convulsed.

Casse and Noreen watched. Casse kept the foot pedaled all the way down. Noreen swelled in the base of the male's enormous penis as it jetted and junched with each powerful orgasm. The male's fingers gripped bedded Casse's cradling little toots as he begged forward, trembling, drenched in sweat, and began to ejaculate copiously. Casse and Noreen laughed as he writhed in torment through his long, slow climax. The female hoovered and slid across the floor. The greedy nozzle sucked him dry.

The glass reservoir on the side of the suction pump began to fill with his seed. His malevolent fingers giggled at his own end and watched, laughing, as his eyes rolled back in his head. As he collapsed forward, unconscious from the overwhelming orgasm, Casse's merciless nose continued pumping the pedal to empty his balls. At last it was over.

"Ready for STEP?" Noreen inquired,

throwing a friendly arm around Casse's shoulder. Casse giggled

and cooed defiantly, her eyes still on the sperm at the tip of the male's penis. "I was bored."

"Put your show back on, Casse. Stock up for shows exotic this male so much, why don't do it when we want to ejaculate?"

Casse blushed and wiggled her toes. Then she lowered her arms and slipped back into her pants. "Ooh, he looks nautrally ice-mimicous, doesn't he? Can I masturbate him now?"

Noreen said yes. Casse took the semen pump from the liquid nitrogen cart and fixed the suction nozzle over the tip of the male's penis. She phaged the hose into the pump and ran the cable attachment of the foot pedal forward to where Casse stood. Noreen showed Casse how to fasten the foot pedal to the cable. Then Noreen switched on the suction pump. Casse's foot was held firmly in front of the leg male. "OK, Casse. Turn to bring him off, now that he has something to ejaculate into. Go ahead!"

Casse smirked, her eyes flashing with pleasure as once again she slipped off her right pump. She arched her foot deviously and slowly brought her reinforced toes down onto the fast pedal that controlled the suction pump. The electric motor in the pump whined into high gear and the male gasped at the long, wet, sex-saturated experience.

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throwing a friendly arm around Casse's shoulder. Casse giggled



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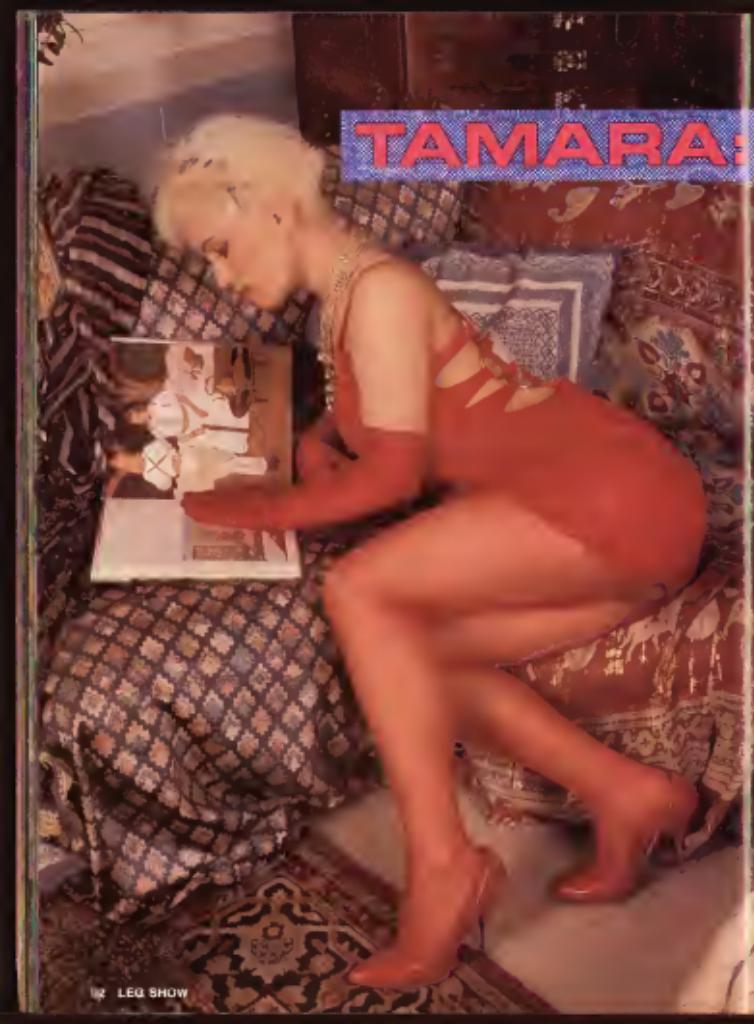


THERE'S  
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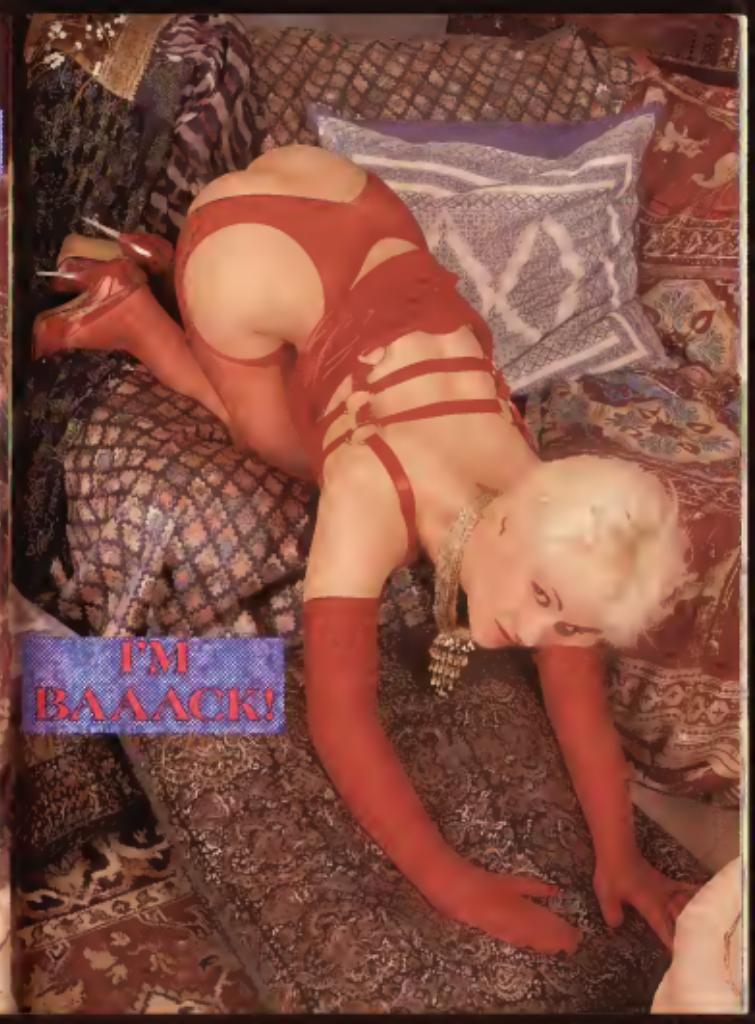
Five years ago there was only one leg magazine on the market. Today you'll see lots of imitations, all responding to the resounding success of LEG SHOW. But they don't quite get it, do they? Most sex magazines are made by greedy men looking for a quick buck. They believe we all deserve better than that. The very special needs of leg and foot fanciers can't be met by those who don't understand, which is why LEG SHOW still stands alone. Each issue is made with loving devotion by me, Diane Hanics. Those other guys think I'm a little nuts for putting so much effort into something that men are "just" going to masturbate with. I think a pleasure that important is worth my devotion. Don't you?

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TAMARA:



ГИ  
ВАЛАСК!



**J**ust what you hoped and feared, your Inquisitor is back to make you atone for the sin of self abuse. Don't deny it, your guilt was clear as the hair on your palms. You bought this magazine with full intention of masturbating, having learned nothing from the treatment I gave you last time. What do you say? Don't you think a no-holds-off older deserves a stiffer, no-nonsense sentence? How else will I ever earn some of your hair?

Let me in for my Victorian Gund... so Moral Order... and see what the Little Sister of the Straightjacket recommends. Ah... a young man can often be broken from the foul practice through profound demasculinization, or "protection" punishment. Excellent! One of my personal favorites as it's the most humiliating experience that can befall a man.

"Strip your clothes off, right now! Take off everything, every vestige of masculinity, including watches and rings. Now get out your shaving things and lather up your legs. Not a whimper of protest! I want those legs shaved utterly smooth, with not a hint of stubble to snag your stockings. That's right, stockings, just like them, kind you start here on my legs and you masturbate. Why? you have that razor you had better shave off all your body hair, including all those filthy hairs around your penis and testicles. No budge of masculinity for the likes of you!"

"Now get out the泌 things. I know you have some around there, no doubt to dull as you play with yourself. Smooth se stockings up your legs and be careful! Rums and snags will not be tolerated from you, missy! Put on your garter belt and hook those stockings up nice and tight. Now put on your bra and make sure the cups are stuffed full of stockings. Just wouldn't a woman be without her essentials? Now put your pantywaon. It's a tight squeeze for your hips, isn't it? Now your feet are pinched and tormented by those tight shoes may be you'll realize what we women go through to look nice you."

"Okay, stand back and let me look at you. Why you nasty creature. Look at your penis! It's so hard it's actually drooping! You're thinking about masturbating right now! Go get the duct tape. I command you to bend your penis, no matter how hard, back between your legs and tape it down good. I don't want that thing offending my sight a moment longer. So get a good tight girdle and pull it on. There, now your penis is completely gone, turned into a lovely smooth pussy. And that's left to turn you completely into a good little girl is to slip on your finest dress and apply your make-up. Oh, and do fluff up that hair, you can hear your cues from how I do my own.

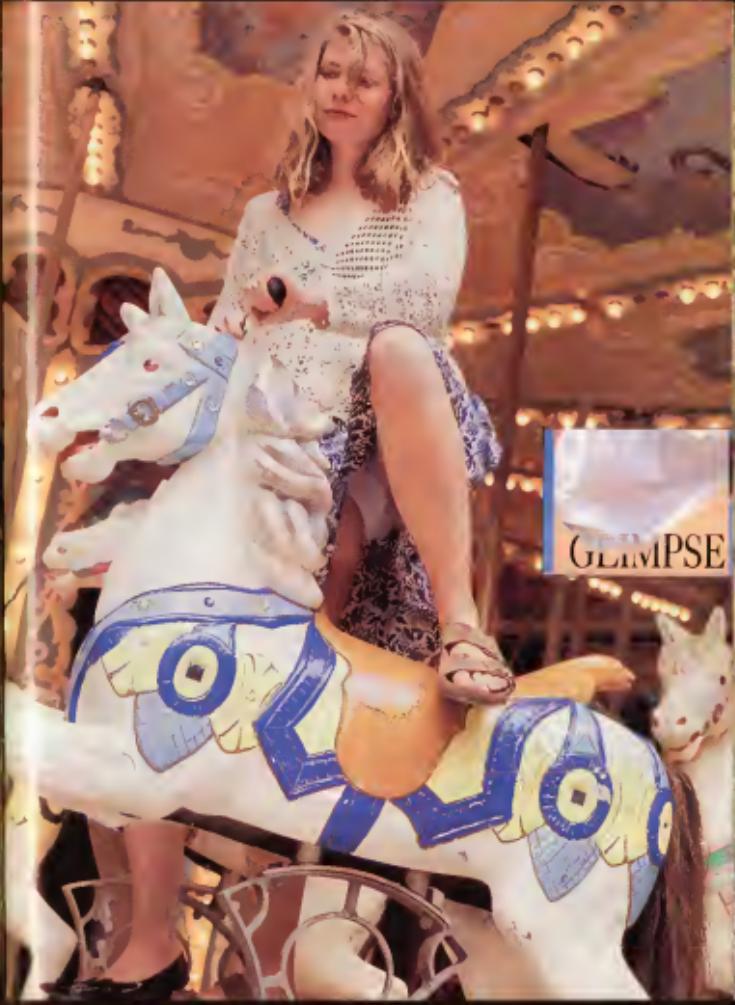
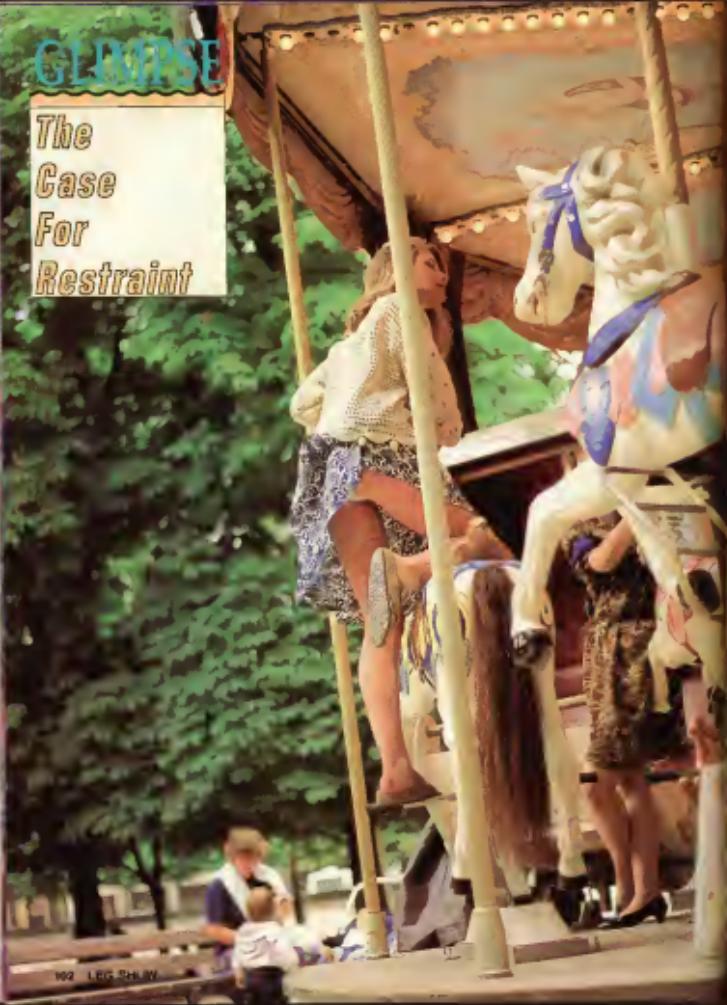
And now I'd like you to take a walk. That's right, out in public, because I don't trust a man like you to be properly isolated just to be feminized in private. As you're walking through your neighborhood, tskering on your heels, draw strokes and whispers, I want to feel the moral connection sinking into you. I want you to feel it and repent. And then when you get home and feel like masturbating, just remember, it'll be worse for you the next time I catch you!"





# GLIMPSE

*The  
Case  
For  
Restraint*



**O**n I tagged onto a beauty that day! Just look at her, clear skin, elegant carriage, such shiny hair and fine long legs, even if they ended in those ugly healthy sandals. Her casual disregard for the whereabouts of her hem and a helpful breeze quickly confirmed she had on classic white cotton panties of the kind we all love. It was a fine day for a Glimpse. I followed her to the park and watched her ride on the carousel, loving her more and more for her relaxed confidence. She must have known that

her panties were revealed now and then, but her attitude said, 'I can spare you men this treat, it is no threat to me.' What a woman!

"One of my most exciting discoveries of the day was this girl my young beauty paused to sit on. I quickly investigated and found I could get under the skirt, which goes over a part of the Metro station. What a thrill to peek up her skirt in this classic way, a way we have all dreamed of doing. I got so carried away I almost lost her, as another young beauty passed over-



head, giving me a glimpse of her brightly patterned panties. I clicked off a few shots and then rushed to catch up with my girl, just in time to witness an amazing scene.

This crazy asshole scooted right up behind my girl and knelt down. I thought he had dropped something until I saw the flash of reflection and realized he held a mirror in his hand. He was blatantly trying to class up her skirt using the mirror in the most classic, intrusive manner possible. I held my breath but

kept my finger on the shutter as she whirled around, catching him in the act. Her reaction was priceless. Without hesitation her lovely knee flew up and sank deeply into the pit of his paunchy stomach. He fell like a ton of bricks and began flopping around on the sidewalk. She raised her foot as if considering a second kick and then decided he wasn't worth it, turned on her heel and marched away. Feeling my own tender stomach I decided to bring this Glimpse to a close and waved as I admiringly farewell to this lovely amazon."



